

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for June, 15, 1895.

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF CLARENDON'S HISTORY

OF THE REBELLION

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

MACAIRE—A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS

ACT III.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

TWO POETS

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

A POET À LA MODE

DRAWING BY JOSSOT

NOTES

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On The Fly-Leaf
OF CLARENDON'S
HISTORY OF THE REBELLION

How life hath cheapened, and how blank
The Worlde is ! like a fen
Where long ago unstained sank
The starrie gentlemen :
Since Marston Moor and *Newbury* drank
King *Charles* his gentlemen.

If Fate in any air accords
What Fate denied, O then
I ask to be among your Swordes,
My joyous gentlemen ;
Towards Honour's heaven to goe, and towards
King *Charles* his gentlemen.

Louise Imogen Guiney.



MACAIRE

A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND.

(As the curtain rises, the stage is dark and empty. Enter MACAIRE, L. U. E., with lantern. He looks about.)

MACAIRE (*calling off*), S't!

BERTRAND (*entering L. U. E.*). It's creeping dark.

MACAIRE. Blinding dark; and a good job.

BERTRAND. Macaire, I'm cold; my very hair's cold.

MACAIRE. Work, work will warm you: to your keys.

BERTRAND. No, Macaire, it's a horror. You'll not kill him; let's have no bloodshed.

MACAIRE. None: it spoils your clothes. Now, see: you have keys, and you have experience: up that stair, and pick me the lock of that man's door. Pick me the lock of that man's door.

BERTRAND. May I take the light?

MACAIRE. You may not. Go. (BERTRAND *mounts the stairs, and is seen picking the lock of Number Thirteen.*) The earth spins eastward, and the day is at the door. Yet half-an-hour of covert, and the sun will be afoot, the discoverer, the great policeman. Yet half-an-hour of night, the good, hiding, practicable night; and lo! at a touch the gas-jet of the universe turned on; and up with the sun gets the providence of honest people, puts off his night-cap, throws up his window, stares out of house—and the rogue must skulk again till dusk. Yet, half-an-hour and, Macaire, you shall

be safe and rich? If yon fool—my fool—would but mis-carry, if the dolt within would hear and leap upon him, I could intervene, kill both, by heaven—both!—cry murder with the best, and at one stroke reap honour and gold. For, Bertrand dead—

BERTRAND (*from above*). S't, Macaire!

MACAIRE. Is it done, dear boy? Come down. (BERTRAND *descends*.) Sit down beside this light: this is your ring of safety, budge not beyond—the night is crowded with hobgoblins. See ghosts and tremble like a jelly if you must; but remember men are my concern; and at the creak of a man's foot, hist! (*Sharpening his knife upon his sleeve*.) What is a knife? A plain man's sword.

BERTRAND. Not the knife, Macaire; O, not the knife!

MACAIRE. My name is Self-Defence. (*He goes up stairs and enters Number Thirteen*.)

BERTRAND. He's in. I hear a board creak. What a night, what a night! Will he hear him! O Lord, my poor Macaire! I hear nothing, nothing. The night's as empty as a dream: he must hear him: he cannot help but hear him; and then—O Macaire, Macaire, come back to me. It's death, and it's death, and it's death. Red, red: a corpse. Macaire to kill, Macaire to die? I'd rather starve, I'd rather perish, than either: I'm not fit, I'm not fit, for either! Why, how's this? I want to cry. (*A stroke, and a groan, from above*.) God Almighty, one of them's gone! (*He falls, with his head on table, R. MACAIRE appears at the top of the stairs, descends, comes airily forward, and touches him on the shoulder. BERTRAND, with a cry, turns and falls upon his neck*.) O, O, and I thought I had lost him! (*Day breaking*.)

MACAIRE. The contrary, dear boy. (*He produces notes*.)

BERTRAND. What was it like?

MACAIRE. Like? Nothing. A little blood, a dead man.

BERTRAND. Blood! . . . Dead! (*He falls at table sobbing. MACAIRE divides the notes into two parts; on the smaller he wipes the bloody knife, and folding the stains inward, thrusts the notes into BERTRAND's face.*)

MACAIRE. What is life without the pleasure of the table!

BERTRAND (*taking and pocketing notes*). Macaire, I can't get over it.

MACAIRE. My mark is the frontier, and at top speed. Do n't hang your jaw at me. Up, up, at the double; pick me that cash-box; and let's get the damned house fairly cleared.

BERTRAND. I can't. Did he bleed much?

MACAIRE. Bleed? Must I bleed you? To work, or I'm dangerous.

BERTRAND. It's all right, Macaire; I'm going.

MACAIRE. Better so: an old friend is nearly sacred. (*Full daylight: lights up. MACAIRE blows out lantern.*)

BERTRAND. Where's the key?

MACAIRE. Key? I tell you to pick it.

BERTRAND (*with the box*). But it's a patent lock. Where is the key? You had it.

MACAIRE. Will you pick that lock?

BERTRAND. I can't: it's a patent. Where's the key?

MACAIRE. If you will have it, I put it back in that old ass's pocket.

BERTRAND. Bitten, I think. (*MACAIRE dancing mad.*)

SCENE II.

To these, DUMONT.

DUMONT. Ah, friends, up so early? Catching the worm, catching the worm?

MACAIRE. Good morning, good morning!

BERTRAND. Early birds, early birds.

(*Both sitting on the table and dissembling box.*)

DUMONT. By the way, very remarkable thing: I found that key.

MACAIRE. No?

BERTRAND. O!

DUMONT. Perhaps a still more remarkable thing: it was my key that had the twisted handle.

MACAIRE. I told you so.

DUMONT. Now, what we have to do is to get the cash-box. Hallo! what's that you're sitting on?

BERTRAND. Nothing.

MACAIRE. The table! I beg your pardon.

DUMONT. Why, it's my cash box!

MACAIRE. Why, so it is!

DUMONT. It's very singular.

MACAIRE. Diabolishly singular.

BERTRAND. Early worms, early worms.

DUMONT (*blowing in key*). Well, I suppose you are still willing to begone?

MACAIRE. More than willing, my dear soul: pressed, I may say, for time; for though it had quite escaped my memory, I have an appointment in Turin with a lady of title.

DUMONT (*at box*). It's very odd. (*Blows in key*.) It's a singular thing (*blowing*), key won't turn. It's a patent key. Some one must have tampered with the lock (*blowing*). It's strangely singular, it's singularly singular! I've shown this key to commercial gentlemen all the way from Paris: they never saw a better key! (*more business*). Well (*giving it up, and looking reproachfully on key*), that's pretty singular.

MACAIRE. Let me try (*He tries, and flings down the key with a curse*.) Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again.

DUMONT (*picking up key*). It's a patent key.

MACAIRE (*to BERTRAND*). The game's up: we must save the swag. (*To DUMONT*.) Sir, since your key, on which I invoke the blight of Egypt, has once more defaulted, my feelings are unequal to a repetition of yesterday's distress, and I shall simply pad the hoof. From Turin you shall receive the address of my banker, and may prosperity attend your ventures. (*To BERTRAND*.) Now, boy! (*To DUMONT*.) Embrace my fatherless child: farewell! (MACAIRE and BERTRAND *turn to go off*, and are met in the door by the GENDARMES.)

SCENE III.

To these the BRIGADIER and GENDARMES.

BRIGADIER. Let no man leave the house.

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

DUMONT. Welcome, old friend!

BRIGADIER. It is not the friend that comes; it is the Brigadier. Summon your guests: I must investigate their passports. I am in pursuit of a notorious malefactor Robert Macaire.

DUMONT. But I was led to believe that both Macaire and his accomplice had been arrested and condemned.

BRIGADIER. They were, but they have once more escaped for the moment, and justice is indefatigable. (*He sits at table R.*) Dumont, a bottle of white wine.

MACAIRE (*to DUMONT*). My excellent friend, I will discharge your commission and return with all speed. (*Going.*)

BRIGADIER. Halt!

MACAIRE (*returning: as if he saw BRIGADIER for the first time*). Ha? a member of the force? Charmed, I'm

sure. But you misconceive me: I return at once, and my friend remains behind to answer for me.

BRIGADIER. Justice is insensible to friendship. I shall deal with you in due time. Dumont, that bottle.

MACAIRE. Sir, my friend and I, who are students of character, would grasp the opportunity to share and—may one add?—to pay the bottle. Dumont, three!

BERTRAND. For God's sake! (*Enter ALINE and MAIDS.*)

MACAIRE. My friend is an author; so, in a humbler way, am I. Your knowledge of the criminal classes naturally tempts one to pursue so interesting an acquaintance.

BRIGADIER. Justice is impartial. Gentlemen, your health.

MACAIRE. Will not these brave fellows join us?

BRIGADIER. They are on duty; but what matters?

MACAIRE. My dear sir, what is duty? duty is my eye.

BRIGADIER (*solemnly*). And Betty Martin. (*GENDARMES sit at table*).

MACAIRE (*to BERTRAND*). Dear friend, sit down.

BERTRAND (*sitting down*). O Lord!

BRIGADIER (*to MACAIRE*). You seem to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence.

MACAIRE. I fear, sir, you flatter. One has lived, one has loved, and one remembers: that is all. One's *Lives of Celebrated Criminals* have met with a certain success, and one is ever in quest of fresh material.

DUMONT. By the way, a singular thing about my patent key.

BRIGADIER. This gentleman is speaking.

MACAIRE. Excellent Dumont! he means no harm. This Macaire is not personally known to you?

BRIGADIER. Are you connected with justice?

MACAIRE. Ah, sir, justice is a point above a poor author.

BRIGADIER (*with glass*). Justice is the very devil.

MACAIRE. My dear sir, my friend and I, I regret to say, have an appointment in Lyons, or I could spend my life in this society. Charge your glasses: one hour to madness and to joy! What is to-morrow? the enemy of to-day? Wine? the bath of life. One moment: I find I have forgotten my watch. (*He makes for the door.*)

BRIGADIER. Halt!

MACAIRE. Sir, what is this jest?

BRIGADIER. Sentry at the door. Your passports.

MACAIRE. My good man, with all the pleasure in life. (*Gives papers. The BRIGADIER puts on spectacles, and examines them.*)

BERTRAND (*rising, and passing round to MACAIRE's other side*). It's life and death: they must soon find it.

MACAIRE (*aside*). Don't I know? My heart's like fire in my body.

BRIGADIER. Your name is?

MACAIRE. It is; one's name is not unknown.

BRIGADIER. Justice exacts your name.

MACAIRE. Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest.

BRIGADIER. Your profession?

MACAIRE. Gentleman.

BRIGADIER. No, but what is your trade?

MACAIRE. I am an analytical chymist.

BRIGADIER. Justice is inscrutable. Your papers are in order. (*To BERTRAND.*) Now, sir, and yours?

BERTRAND. I feel kind of ill.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, this gentleman addresses you. He is not one of us: in other scenes, in the gay and giddy world of fashion, one is his superior. But to-day he repre-

sents the majesty of law; and as a citizen it is one's pride to do him honour.

BRIGADIER. Those are my sentiments.

BERTRAND. I beg your pardon, I—(*Gives papers*).

BRIGADIER. Your name?

BERTRAND. Napoleon.

BRIGADIER. What? In your passport it is written Bertrand.

BERTRAND. It's this way: I was born Bertrand, and then I took the name of Napoleon, and I mostly always call myself either Napoleon or Bertrand.

BRIGADIER. The truth is always best. Your profession?

BERTRAND. I am an orphan.

BRIGADIER. What the devil! (*To MACAIRE.*) Is your friend an idiot?

MACAIRE. Pardon me, he is a poet.

BRIGADIER. Poetry is a great hindrance to the ends of justice. Well, take your papers.

MACAIRE. Then we may go?

SCENE IV.

To these CHARLES, who is seen on the gallery, going to the door of Number Thirteen. Afterwards all the characters but the NOTARY and the MARQUIS.

BRIGADIER. One glass more. (*BERTRAND touches MACAIRE, and points to CHARLES, who enters Number Thirteen.*)

MACAIRE. No more, no more, no more.

BRIGADIER (*rising and taking MACAIRE by the arm*). I stipulate.

MACAIRE. Engagement in Turin!

BRIGADIER. Turin?

MACAIRE. Lyons, Lyons!

BERTRAND. For God's sake. . . .

BRIGADIER. Well, good-bye!

MACAIRE. Good-bye, good—

CHARLES (*from within*). Murder! Help! (*Appearing.*) Help here! The Marquis is murdered.

BRIGADIER. Stand to the door. A man up there. (*A GENDARME hurries up staircase into Number Thirteen, CHARLES following him. Enter on both sides of gallery the remaining characters of the piece, except the NOTARY and the MARQUIS.*)

MACAIRE. Bitten, by God! } *Aside.*

BERTRAND. Lost!

BRIGADIER (*to DUMONT*). John Paul Dumont, I arrest you.

DUMONT. Do your duty, officer. I can answer for myself and my own people.

BRIGADIER. Yes, but these strangers?

DUMONT. They are strangers to me.

MACAIRE. I am an honest man: I stand upon my rights: search me; or search this person, of whom I know too little. (*Smiting his brow.*) By heaven, I see it all. This morning—(*To BERTRAND*). How, sir, did you dare to flaunt your booty in my very face? (*To BRIGADIER.*) He showed me notes; he was up ere day; search him, and you 'll find. There stands the murderer.

BERTRAND. O, Macaire! (*He is seized and searched, and the notes are found.*)

BRIGADIER. There is blood upon the notes. Handcuffs. (*MACAIRE edging toward the door.*)

BERTRAND. Macaire, you may as well take the bundle. (*MACAIRE is stopped by sentry, and comes front, R.*)

CHARLES (*re-appearing*). Stop, I know the truth. (*He comes down.*) Brigadier, my father is not dead, he is not even dangerously hurt. He has spoken. There is the would-be assassin.

MACAIRE. Hell! (*He darts across to the staircase, and*

turns on the second step, flashing out the knife.) Back, hounds! (He springs up the stair, and confronts them from the top.) Fools, I am Robert Macaire! (As MACAIRE turns to flee, he is met by the gendarme coming out of Number Thirteen; he stands an instant checked, is shot from the stage, and falls headlong backward down the stair. BERTRAND, with a cry, breaks from the gendarmes, kneels at his side, and raises his head.)

BERTRAND. Macaire, forgive me. I did n't blab; you know I did n't blab.

MACAIRE. Sold again, old boy. Sold for the last time; at least, the last time this side death. Death, what is death? *(He dies.)*

CURTAIN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

TWO POETS

IT is an event in literature when two volumes of poems are published within a few months of each other, so removed from the passing affectations of the hour, as are the "Odes and Other Poems," of William Watson, and the "Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical, Second Series," of Lord de Tabley. Both poets are well-known to all lovers of the best in literature; and each may justly claim a new laurel leaf by virtue of his latest contribution to Victorian poetry.

Since the appearance of Mr. Watson's "Lachrymae Musarum," there have been dark days, when those who loved him feared that he might write no more. He makes a very touching reference to this melancholy time in "Vita Nuova," which is perhaps the most deeply moving poem in his latest volume:

I, too, have come through wintry terrors,—yea,

Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life ;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power benificent,
Veiled though his countenance undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

Thank Heaven that the evil spell was broken, and William came out of the shadow, to strike once more those strong, high chords of the Music of Life which are his own. I am hardly prepared to assert that any single poem in this new volume will make such universal appeal to the lovers of noble verse as did "Wordsworth's Grave," or the "Ode of Lamentation for Lord Tennyson ; but these latest poems are the work of a poet who has not only the grand manner, but the noble thought which deserves to be grandly uttered. I am haunted, as I write, by a poem in one of Mr. Watson's earlier books which seems to me as certain of immortality as any lyric of this century. It is the very cry of the home-sick human soul, uncertain whence it came, or whither it goes. If you do not know it already here it is:

WORLD STRANGENESS.

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—

Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.
In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?
On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.
So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

In Mr. Watson's latest volume the poems to Richard Holt Hutton and to H. D. Traill prove that poets are not always ungrateful; but, as poetry pure and simple, I prefer such numbers, as for instance:

THE FRONTIER.

At the hushed brink of twilight—when, as though
Some solemn journeying phantom paused to lay
An ominous finger on the awestruck day,
Earth holds her breath till that great presence go,—
A moment comes of visionary glow,
Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the grey,
Lovelier than these, more eloquent than they
Of memory, foresight, and life's ebb and flow.
So have I known, in some fair woman's face,
While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint,
The first, faint, hesitant, elusive hint
Of that invasion of the vandal years
Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace,
Wake subtler dreams, and touch me nigh to tears.

There are lines in this poem which could only be Watson's and which prove him to be what he, himself describes in "The Sovereign Poet :"

He sits above the clang and dust of Time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

Indeed, it is this very aloofness from the world, this dwelling "in the cold starlight," which bars William Watson from the humble and universal popularity to which lesser men have attained. He is not the poet of emotion. His is not a "heart insurgent." Nor does he follow the passing fashions of the day. He is not an impressionist, nor a symbolist. One cannot fancy him—as did another young English poet—drinking his first glass of absinthe, and waiting for the sensation out of which a poem should be made. The author of "Wordsworth's Grave" is of the high kindred in whom sensations give place to visions—who listen to the chorus of the stars, and translate the music of the spheres—a worshipper of the beauty which is immortal—a high-priest in the Inner Temple of the Muse.

It is something over thirty years since Lord de Tabley (born in the April of 1835) began to publish verse. He had not then succeeded to his title, and was John Leicester Warren. He published, before 1873, two volumes of verse; and then for some twenty years he seemed to have bidden farewell to song. In 1893, however, he again came to the front with a book entitled "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical;" and he has just now published a new volume, "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, Second Series." The present book, like its predecessor, gives us the impression that Lord de Tabley is, above all, a poet for the classical scholar. He seemed to me like the reincarnation of some Greek of long ago; who has



A POET À LA MODE FROM "LA PLUME"
BY JOSSOT

come to life again in this alien time and place, but who is himself, still. He does not appeal, as did Burns, or Whittier, or Longfellow, to the ordinary reader. To enjoy him thoroughly one should know something of the classics, for he views most themes in a classic light. "The Glory that was Greece, and the Grandeur that was Rome," are the realms where he dwells by preference. His best work is the offspring of the intellect, rather than of the heart. No more than in William Watson do we find in Lord de Tabley the cry of passion, the clamour of insurgent longing—but, instead, we have the perception of the stately and the beautiful—the grace of the antique—the nobility of the long past. A dignified melancholy haunts his pages—let us all be thankful for a poet who dares to defy the make-believe lightness and frivolity it is just now the fashion to admire, and to sing—

A song of dust for waning years,
A solemn song, in sackcloth clad:
Whose chords are wet with poignant tears,
And its pale singer's lips are sad.

Perhaps in this new volume, one might accord the highest place to "Circe," though to do so seems ungrateful to many others, nearly if not quite its equal. It is too long for copying, but if you turn to its ten pages of flawless beauty, I promise you, you shall not be disappointed while you read of her whose song has power

"To call her lovers in from twilight realms,
To crowd their foolish sails for love and death.

* * * *

"She hath a lordly palace of delight,
And a rich chamber where her couch is spread
With gems like orient sunrise, flashing light."

And Circe lives on; and they who loved her are dead.

"Their feet are tangled in the nets of dream,
They cross the stream of sighs."

The prescience of the imminent and inexorable end haunts the poems of Lord de Tabley—whether we read of Phaëthon, who "rode the morning in unchecked career," and then, at last, overcome by fate and fear, plunged "like a plummet down into the spacious gulf of deep blue air;" or of "the Empire which oppressed the world, and vanished like a bead of foam."

Two of the poems which make special appeal to me, personally, are "A Song of Dust," and "Amaranth." Both are too long for full quotation, but let me give you, by a few stanzas of each, some hint of their melancholy charm. "Amaranth" opens thus:

When I have done with hornet grief
Nor fear the blind-worm envy's sting,
When graveward Lethe brings relief,
And calms the love-god's fretful wing:

When I am clear of human kind,
And slumber with the patient dead,
Will she, the cruel, care to find
Where they have laid my lonely head?

And, once or twice, when spring is here,
Forego some trivial social tie,
To bring my grave a niggard tear,
The sequel of a scanty sigh?

Weep! just enough to give your eyes
A brightness as of April rain:
One tear for all my thousand sighs
And countless kisses given in vain.

Lord de Tabley is of those few who understand that the tragedy of joy is not less bitter than the tragedy of pain.

To the glad day, as to the sad, comes the night—and for all of us is—

A SONG OF DUST.

When we, my love, are gone to dust,
And Nature, as of old, is fair :
When on thy rosy cheek is rust,
And stain sepulchral on thy hair—

When from the slab that marks our sleep,
The raindrop eats our names away ;
And cushioned lichens gently creep
To make the beaming letters gray—

When March winds wake the silken palm,
And wave-worn wheat ears skim the sea ;
When merles begin their marriage psalm,
And doves are tender in the tree—

When, year by year, the mosses bloom
Their little elfin caps of red,
And April dewdrops on thy tomb
Weep out in daisies o'er the dead—

These tears I weep upon thy hand
Shall pass, as leaves in autumn air ;
And who unborn shall understand
If thou wert sweet, if thou wert fair ?

Who shall embalm thee in a song
A hundred years to cheat repose ?
Oblivion rolls its flood along
Till time forgets one wasted rose.

Those who care only for dance-music need not seek it in the pages of Lord de Tabley. He is not of those who pipe a merry tune, to which Death, waiting around the corner, listens, with a mocking smile on those lips which pity no man. The sadness and the mystery of life speak from these

pages; but he who reads them once will find it impossible to forget them. They have in them the pathos of the dying sunset, the tragedy of the coming night—they are intensely human, and therefore they must live in the memories of men.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

NOTES

¶ There is to be celebration in England by that devoted band of Jacobites, the "White Rose Society." With this summer comes the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Prince Charles Edward, and the beginning of the Rebellion of '45. There is a dispute respecting the exact day of the landing; but the leading events of the rising in 1745 may be set down as follows: On July 14 the Prince sailed from Port Nazaire, in France. On Aug. 6, George II.'s proclamation, offering a reward of £30,000 for the capture of the Pretender, was issued; and on Sept. 21, Charlie defeated Sir John Cope at Prestonpans.

There will be banqueting, and indulging in Jacobite songs and toasts; also a literary souvenir of the occasion will be issued to the society and their friends.

If it be salutary for the soul to love a lost and hopeless cause, may we not look for something on this side? The Stuart Restoration is no more a lovely and belated dream here than there. Those who read Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte's "Meditations in Motley" know what of aspiration towards an ideal, of hatred of the drab monotony of our daily lives, may be read into the folly of the little Boston band of enthusiasts. Are there no others who will forget the present for a day and drink "The King, may he come to his own again"? The season for midsummer madness is not far away.

¶ In Scribner's Magazine for this month a certain Western Journalist has undertaken the exploitation of his native town in a manner peculiarly brazen. Why writing of Chicago should necessitate writing up Chicago has not as yet been revealed to me. The Chicagoan's ability to speak temperately of his city is not marked, and so this recent explosion of pride is rather worse than usual. He shows—in a fatalist fashion—how the greatness of Chicago was destined from the first: from the situation of the city, one could foretell the splendid slaughter of swine, and, to the settlers of '31, the World's Fair and the census reports of '94 were as an open book. This development was inevitable: it has been evident since the beginning of things, and the future is perfectly clear.

¶ When the edition of Aubrey de Vere's poems came out last winter Mr. George Edward Woodberry, the editor, for the first time in his life ordered all the press clippings sent to him. He waited long and anxiously, and though he daily saw reviews of the book in various papers, no clippings came. After a while, however, a fat envelope arrived with the stamp of the clipping bureau on the outside. Mr. Woodberry became as excitedly interested as is possible for him. He tore open the envelope.

True now it is as when Marlowe put the words into the mouth of Tamburlaine the Great, "Ah, 't is a pretty toy to be a poet." They had sent Mr. W. a hundred clippings about a man whose name ends "bury," who manufactures facial soap, and is learned in dermatology.

¶ As clever a skit as I have seen for years is one upon Lewis Carroll's immortal verses "Jabberwocky," which I find in the London "World," and some stanzas of which I purloin with grateful acknowledgements:

THE SECOND COMING OF ARTHUR

(A certain Past adapted to a possible Future.)

'T was rollog, and the minim potes
Did mime and mible in the cafe;
All footly were the philerotes,
And Daycaydongs outstrafe.

Beware the Yallerbock, my son!
The aims that rile, the art that racks,
Beware the Aub-Aub Bird, and shun
The stumious Beerbomax.

He took Excalibur in hand:
Long time the canxome foe he sought—
So rested he by Jonbul tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
Excalibur went snicker-snack!
He took its dead and bodless head
And went jucunding back.

And hast thou slain the Yallerbock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy.
Oh, brighteous peace! Purlieu! Purlice!
He jawbled in his joy.

¶ A tiny brownish pamphlet, put forth by two San Francisco men, is called "The Lark." A little prose, some musings on art, and a fantasy of "The Last Nymph;" a little verse, among which "A Merry Midnight" makes me think of "A Child's Garden of Verse" or a bit from "Underwoods" a little picturing, some scrawlings of a child called in a pleasant conceit "Some Phases of Primitive Art," and a strange picture of a cow plunging through a meadow of decorative herbage to the terror of a nude savage; this last adorned with the motto—

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE STORY OF SONNY SAHIB: By MRS. EVERARD COTES (Sara Jeanette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AUNT BELINDY'S POINTS OF VIEW: By LYDIA HOYT FARMER. New York: The Merriam Co.

THE LADY AND HER TREE: By CHARLES STOKES WAYNE. Philadelphia: The Vortex Co.

A MODERN PAGAN: By CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS. New York: The Merriam Co.

TWO WOMEN: By LIDA O. VANAMEE. New York: The Merriam Co.

PHILIP VERNON: By S. WEIR MITCHELL. New York: The Century Co.

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